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THE ORANG-OUTANG,

AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

This interesting animal has just been received in the above menagerie, to which it is the most valuable addition since the young rhinoceros of last year.* The orang will, doubtless, prove a considerable attraction for mouths to come, inasmuch as the opportunities of observing this animal in confinement have been, by no means, frequent. The first, in our recollection, was a fine male specimen, brought over by Dr. Abel, on his return with Lord Amherst, from the Chinese embassy; it was in the possession of Mr. Cross, at Exeter Change, for nearly two years. Another arrived in 1831, but lived only three days; and a third specimen was exhibited with a Chimpanzee, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in the same year; since which, no living specimen has been

received in this country until within the past month.

The present is a specimen of the Asiatic orang-outang, (*Simia Satyrus*, Linn.) a female about four years old, and was brought in a trading vessel, with three others, from the island of Borneo to Calcutta. Here they were purchased by Mr. Hunter, and shipped on board the *Orontes*; the present is, however,



(Hand.)

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* Figured by the same accurate artist as the above Engraving, in vol. xxiii. of the Mirror.

the only survivor, the three others having died from the effects of change of climate after reaching England. On board ship, these orangs were not confined, but permitted to mount aloft, and gambol with the sailors during the voyage; retiring to the caboose, or cabin, for warmth during the night.

The Engraving shows the conformation of the animal with characteristic accuracy. It occupies a roomy cage in the Repository on the south side of the small circular pond with the dripping rock in its centre. The building is warmed by a hot water apparatus, a provision highly requisite for the native of an island under the equator. Here, next another of its own tribe, the blue-faced Satyr, or Mandrill, sits our orang nestling in a blanket, to screen her from any chilling wind, and seated in a chair, as is the custom of her congeners in confinement—an indulgence allowed them as if to compensate for their loss of liberty. The orang cannot maintain the erect position for any length of time, and, when walking, places her bent fists on the ground, swinging her body between the arms. The thumbs are generally bent together with the fingers: when drinking from a wine-glass, she grasps it awkwardly by the stem, lengthening out her lips to the liquid, and not pouring it between them; and then returning the vessel, without throwing it down, to the person who gave it. The orang is remarkably fond of warmth, and covered herself with the blanket even during the late hot days; upon any attempt being made to take the covering from her, she became violently excited, shrieking and throwing herself on the ground, and becoming altogether as obstreperous as an angry child.

It is remarkable, and strongly confirmatory of the near approach of the orang to the human species, that its actions are at variance with those of monkeys generally; evincing none of that love of antic mischief: on the contrary, the present specimen has much of the cast of thought, is pensive and serious, approaching nearly to melancholy: occasionally, however, she will disport herself; but, in her gayest moods, she evinces none of the activity so characteristic of the simia tribe. The attachment of the orang to man is very striking in this specimen: she soon becomes familiar with any one who

* If water is offered to the orang when he is thirsty, he opens his mouth, but instead of receiving the fluid at once within his teeth, he protrudes his under lip an inch or two beyond the teeth, pursing the integuments into a kind of hollow or cup, where he receives the water, and whence he draws it into the mouth proper. Both lips have a peculiar muscular action, by which they serve somewhat the office of a proboscis in picking up and holding things. Indeed, any person who has seen the rhinoceros feed, cannot fail, I should suppose, to be struck with the resemblance between the proboscis movements of its labial muscles and those of the orang-outang, when he protrudes them pointedly to examine or seize an object.—Brewster's Journal, vol. ix. p. 5.

notices her, and shows the greatest dislike to being separated, whining and crying, and indicating as plainly as earnest complaint can, her wish for companionship. The present specimen is of the usual reddish brown, or dark chestnut colour: its nails being black. It does not appear to be an undeviating characteristic of the animal to have the nail on the great toe; as, in this specimen, it is entirely deficient. Camper, the Dutch naturalist, concluded this absence of the great toe nails to be a specific distinction of the Borneo orang-outang; an erroneous opinion, which has been corrected by Cuvier, and the facts of an orang brought from Borneo to Calcutta in 1827, and another from Sumatra, having nails upon their great toes; the absence of which, in the present specimen may, therefore, be regarded as accidental. The principal measurements are as follow:

| | Fr. in. |
|--|----------|
| Height from vertex to heel | 2 2 |
| Length from the extremity of shoulder-blade to the end of the middle finger. | 1 9 |
| From the wrist to the end of the middle finger | 0 6½ |
| Length of the palm of the hand | 0 3½ |
| Sole of the foot | 0 5 |
| Width over breast | 0 9 |
| Weight avoirdupois | 15½ lbs. |
| Circumference round the chin over the vertex | 1 6 |

The second cut shows the peculiar conformation of the hand.

As the orang approaches nearest to man in structure, and consequently, in actions, the inspection of any specimen of the former gives rise to many interesting associations. It has been well observed,—"the first distinction that would undoubtedly strike an observer of an orang and a human being placed in the same inclosure, would be the positions and attitude; and a closer attention would soon convince, that the corresponding members in each, while beautifully formed for their proper uses, could not be employed to perform similar actions with an equal degree of strength, firmness, or ease."[†]

Again, close as the outward resemblance to man may be, the internal conformation approaches still closer. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, and other parts are precisely similar. Upon this subject, it has already been remarked: "the tongue is exactly the same, yet this animal does not speak; the brain the same, yet it does not think. Can there be a stronger proof, that matter alone, however perfectly organized, cannot produce either speech or thought, unless animated by a superior principle, or, in other words, by a soul to direct its operations?"

The height of the orang-outang, when full-grown, is between five and six feet; and

† Sir W. Jardine, in the Naturalist's Library, vol. i. p. 40.

the skull of an adult specimen brought from Sumatra, and of the same species as the living orang, is exhibited in the Repository.

Our acknowledgments are due for the substance of the preceding particulars of the orang at the Gardens, to Mr. J. E. Warwick, who has investigated the economy of the orang-utang generally, with considerable ingenuity. In 1831, this gentleman drew up a clever Description of the orangs then exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and accompanied with characteristic anecdotes, it forms a very interesting pamphlet of eight closely-printed pages.* In 1832, Mr. Warwick communicated the substance of these pages to London's *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. v. No. 26. Aided by these documents, and other materials of kindred value and interest, we hope shortly to submit to our readers the most important details of the habits and structure of the orang.

BRONZE HEAD OF HADRIAN, DISCOVERED IN THE BED OF THE THAMES.

In February last, the workmen employed in clearing the bed of the Thames from the accumulated mud of ages, brought to light a bronze head of the Emperor Hadrian, nearly double the size of life. It was sold to Mr. Newman, of Southwark, for 20*l*.; in whose possession it now is. The workmanship of the head is of the peculiarly elegant and chaste style of the age which produced it; an age in which the arts flourished throughout the Roman empire in the highest perfection. The bust is wanting; but the neck is entire, with the exception of a fracture on one side, which extends to the top of the head, but does not materially detract from its preservation. The head is unlaureated, and the countenance more youthful and less stern than is presented by many of the sculptured likenesses that are preserved of the Emperor. The sockets of the eyes are hollow; there were, doubtless, some fabricated stones or glass, formerly inserted to represent those organs, and which, possibly from their value, had at some remote period been intentionally extracted. The hair is dressed in full size over the forehead, (which is low,) like that on many of Hadrian's coins.

When the Emperor came to the throne, he assumed the usual ornament for the head—the laurel wreath; but his simple taste and dislike of all extrinsic embellishment soon caused him to relinquish this decoration: and he studiously avoided every kind of luxury in dress and living, preferring to merit the high distinction conferred on him, by constant attention to the wants of the people, and by frugality in every department of the

state. He visited in person and bareheaded the most remote provinces of the empire; and his premature death was owing to the carelessness with which he exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the head under consideration might have been brought to Britain among the insignia and standards of the Emperor in A. D. 131, when he came just in time to quell an insurrection of the conquered Britons. This event is also commemorated on a large brass coin, inscribed, "Hadrianus Aug. Cos. III. P. P." and on the reverse, "Adventui Aug. Britannicæ." On this coin, the togated Emperor is represented standing before an altar, at which a female figure is sacrificing, in demonstration of the joy and gratitude of the people at the Emperor's arrival. His visits to the other provinces are also recorded on a numerous and interesting series of medals, C. R. S.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTIANA.

DURING the battle of Marengo, the left wing of the French army fell back in disorder. Buonaparte arrived and rushed into the midst of the slaughter, where his presence gave new fire to the courage of his soldiers. In the meantime, Berthier came to acquaint him that another division was giving way. Buonaparte, without faltering, replied, "You do not announce to me this event calmly, General!" In an instant all the energies of his mind returned with redoubled force; he darted down the ranks:—"Soldiers!" he exclaimed, "remember that I am accustomed to sleep on the field of battle!" At this appeal, the French charged the Austrian battalions, which were completely broken; and Dessaix, to whom the credit of one-half of the victory was due, rushed forward with his division of reserve, and compelled 6,000 Hungarian grenadiers to lay down their arms. But, at this moment of triumph, the hero was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. Before he expired, he said to his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, "Go and tell the First Consul, that I die with the regret of not having rendered more service to my country." At these words Buonaparte was deeply affected:—"Why," said he, "am I not permitted to weep?"

In the heat of the battle of Austerlitz, the sun broke from the clouds in all its splendour. Napoleon, on seeing it, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "This is the sun of Austerlitz!" The same circumstance happened at Jena. No man better than Napoleon knew how to impress his troops on all occasions with some phenomenon of victory; he himself was persuaded that some tutelary

* Illustrated with an Engraving by Landseer, and to be purchased at the Surrey Zoological Gardens for a trifle.

star had taken him under its divine auspices. It was in this dreadful battle that a body of the enemy's army, in their flight, were hard pressed on a lake. The General-in-chief of artillery brought against them twenty pieces of cannon, and having broken the ice, a frightful sight presented itself—entire columns swallowed up by the water, rivers of blood streaming in the snow; and in this shocking manner near 20,000 perished.

Napoleon, passing in review the second regiment of horse chasseurs, at Lebenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, asked the colonel how many men there were.—“Five hundred,” said the colonel; “but some of them very young.”—“What matters that?” said Napoleon, with an air of surprise at such an observation; “are they not all Frenchmen?” and then turning to the regiment, he thus addressed them: “Young men, you must not fear death; and when that is the case, you will make it enter the enemy's ranks.” A sudden shout of enthusiasm followed these words.

A few minutes before the attack at the battle of Jena, (says M. de Bourrienne,) the Queen of Prussia, mounted on a superb charger, appeared on the field of battle, and accompanied by the elite of the youth of Berlin, rode along the front of the most advanced lines of the Prussian army. The flag which her own hands had embroidered to stimulate the troops, together with those which had been borne in the armies of Frederick the Great, and were blackened with gunpowder, were lowered at her approach. Shouts of enthusiasm resounded through the Prussian ranks. The atmosphere was so clear, and the two armies were so close to each other, that the French could plainly discern the costume of the Queen. Her singular dress was, indeed, the chief cause of the danger she incurred in her flight. On her head was a helmet of polished steel shaded by a superb plume. The rest of her dress consisted of a cuirass, glittering with gold and silver, and a tunic of silver brocade reaching to her feet, on which she wore her boots with gold spurs. When the Prussian army was routed, the Queen remained on the field, attended by three or four men of her escort, who had defended her. However, a small party of hussars, who had fought gloriously during the battle, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group. Startled by this unexpected attack, the horse which her Majesty rode, darted off at a furious gallop, and had he not possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured by the French hussars, who were several times very close upon her. The Queen, thus pursued, arrived within sight of the gates of Weimar, when a strong detachment

of dragons was seen pursuing her at full speed. The commander of the detachment had orders to take the Queen at all risk; but no sooner had she entered Weimar than the gates were closed, and the hussars and dragons returned disappointed to the field of battle.

During the sanguinary conflict at Ratisbon, which continued several days, Napoleon having enjoyed no rest, or scarcely alighted from one horse but to remount another, became at length exhausted. After ordering the necessary positions, he retired to a short distance in order to enjoy a few minutes' repose, when, making his steed lie down, he stretched himself upon the turf, and reclined upon the belly of the animal. While in that situation, one of his aide-de-camps arrived, to make known a position taken by the enemy; and while in the act of explaining his errand, he pointed with the right hand, when, on the instant, a shot severed the limb from his body, the ball passing close to the Emperor's head. Napoleon manifested his sincere regret, and proceeded to assist his unfortunate aide-de-camp, without displaying the least personal fear, or quitting his dangerous position. Having witnessed the safe conveyance of the officer for the purpose of surgical aid, he still continued to repose for some time, and, feeling refreshed, again mounted his horse to resume the command of his forces. Upon the termination of the battle in favour of the Emperor, Prince Charles dispatched one of his aide-de-camps to compliment him on his military skill, adding that he had kept him in view during the whole of the conflict. “You will thank Prince Charles from me,” replied Napoleon, “and tell him that I was perfectly aware of his seeing me;—that I consider him a very good general—but that his conduct has not been that of a gallant soldier towards me.” It is requisite to add, that the Emperor had previously ascertained for a fact, that Prince Charles had expressly directed a battery to be pointed during the combat at the person of Napoleon.

The following is the account given by M. de Bourrienne, in his *Mémoires*, of the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander, at the conference held at Erfurt, in 1808:—“The Emperor had advanced about three leagues from Erfurt when he detected the retinue of the Emperor Alexander, whose carriage was followed by twelve or fifteen caissons. Napoleon set off at full gallop, and alighted to embrace the Emperor of Russia when he got out of his carriage. The meeting was as cordial as the sentiments which the sovereigns mutually cherished towards each other. They both mounted their horses, and proceeded conversing towards Erfurt. The weather was beautiful, and seemed to smile

auspiciously on the event. The sovereigns were saluted by the artillery from the ramparts; the troops formed a double line; and all the persons of distinction who had come to Erfurt on this occasion were assembled at the residence, which had been prepared for the Emperor Alexander, at the moment when he alighted from his horse, accompanied by Napoleon. The two sovereigns dined together that day, accompanied by the Grand Duke Constantine. The Grand Marshal had stationed a man in the street to watch and give information when the Emperor of Russia's carriage approached, and whenever Alexander visited Napoleon, the latter always stood at the foot of the staircase to receive his guest. The same ceremony was observed when the Emperor Napoleon visited the Emperor of Russia. Soon after the arrival of the two Emperors at Erfurt, they were followed by the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Westphalia, the Princes of Anhalt, Cobourg, Saxe-Weimar, Darmstadt, &c., and all who conceived it to be their duty to render homage to such an assemblage of power."

At the meeting which took place at Erfurt, Alexander did all in his power to persuade Napoleon that he entirely coincided with his views, and that henceforward they were to be inseparable friends. One day, they entered arm in arm the room where dinner was prepared. Alexander placed his hand to his side, intending to take off his sword before he sat down to table, but perceiving he had forgotten to put it on, Napoleon, who had now taken off his sword, immediately presented it to the Czar, and begged him to accept it. "I receive it," said Alexander, "as a testimonial of your friendship; and your Majesty may rest assured that I will never draw it against you."

At the passage of Mount St. Bernard, when Buonaparte passed with his army near the torrent called the Dranse, his horse made a false step, and he was on the point of being precipitated into it, when a guide who lived near the spot, caught him by the collar of his coat, and saved him from certain destruction. Buonaparte was filled with gratitude for the service which had been rendered to him, and offered the peasant whatever reward he desired. The latter, however, did not seem inclined to accept the invitation to accompany the French army which was made to him; but, upon his refusal, Buonaparte gave him 1,200 francs to build a small hut, where he now resides upon the spot, near Mount Velan.

During the time the allies were in the neighbourhood of Dresden, Napoleon was up at day-break, toiling like a captain of engineers. While the staff were constructing a bridge in place of the one burnt by the

Russians, Napoleon took his stand beside a building which had served for a depot of ammunition. The Russian fire was drawn upon this point, and a shell had nearly closed the campaign; it burst over the spot where he stood, struck the side of the building, and dashed a large fragment of wood or stone at his feet. While all around him were alarmed at his hazard, he coolly turned over the fragment and observed, "A few inches nearer, and it would have done its business."

NEW BOOKS.

ITALY AND ITALIAN LITERATURE.

By Charles Herbert, Esq.

[This is a very pleasant volume, the object of which has only to be explained to be appreciated. It is a kind of literary as well as topographical tour—"to serve as a useful companion to the guide-book, and a kind of introduction to Italian literature." In other character it is a very entertaining work, and its utility is undeniable, for, as the writer justly observes, modern Italian literature is strangely neglected even in these days of universal knowledge; or, rather, the youth of the present generation are almost the first who have enjoyed the advantages of its studies. "Our English writers are prepared, by the whole course of their studies, to enter on the consideration of Italy as she was in ancient times; but the literature of modern Italy forms no regular or integral part of the education of British youth." It is, however, allowed to enter into their after-studies or accomplishments; and the assistance of persons engaged in its delightful acquirement is the main object of the present tour.

Italy is, throughout, a land of untiring interest to every visiter, as our author thus forcibly illustrates:—]

The traveller, imbued with the spirit of ancient Rome, here beholds the scenes depicted in her poets and historians; the antiquarian has here a hundred fields of research not yet half explored, and the promise of the richest harvest to his well-directed enterprise; the student, absorbed in the captivating pursuits of literature, will here trace its lusty birth, its flourishing youth, and its advance into almost perfect manhood. The admirer of art is at home in Italy alone; here only can he study the most noble remains of Grecian art, here find the chisel of the early Greeks worthily bestowed in the hands of an Angelo and a Canova, and the fabled splendours of Apelles and Zeuxis, rivalled by the rich realities of Raphael and Titian. Whatever the prevailing bias of the mind, in Italy it finds an object suited to its indulgence: the devotee even, will find in Italy much of the spirit of the antique Catholic

times, and the relics of saints and martyrs, are here preserved in abundance to claim his veneration. In a word, all, from the philosophical historian to the mere man of pleasure, in Italy, find equal means of endless entertainment; the one here roams at large over the chief fields of ancient, nay, of modern, story; access is easily obtained to libraries stored with the rarest treasures; the soil is strewed for him with the monuments of genius—every hill, every plain, every river, speaks to him of the illustrious dead. The other, in her balmy air, her blue and sunny skies, her unruffled seas, the fascinations of her daughters, their soft dark eyes, and melodious voices, and her pantomimic and poetic people, finds constant and never-tiring sources of enjoyment.

[As he travels onward from Paris, every site of literary interest engages the special attention of the author. His first and second chapters, the journey to Lyons, and a sail down the Rhone, have few of these attractions; but, at Avignon, the chain of literary associations commences with the poetical region of Provence, and the home of Laura and Petrarch. Once arrived at Genoa, and the subject expands with the revival of the arts in that city: then follows Florence, that vast storehouse of art; next, Dante, Boccaccio, and Galileo; Leghorn has less kindred interest; but the author's departure in a steam-boat for Rome—his passage up the Tiber, and disembarkation at midnight, are attractive incidents; for, who can at once reflect upon the steam-boat of to-day and Rome of past ages without emotion. Naples and her classic environs—Orlando Furioso, Ariosto, and Tasso—Pompeii in its unveiled grandeur—Bologna and its Universities—Correggio and Parmegiano, the pride of Parma,—Italian Tragedy, from Maffei and Alfieri, to Manzoni and Pellico—Milan and its spiry cathedral—Italian Comedy and the Italian Republics—with notices of the Popes, and a catalogue of Italian literary and scientific writers—occupy the remainder of the volume, from which we proceed to quote a few discursive pages.]

Provençal Courts of Love.

What charming times were those, when courts of love were erected in every great city; where some sovereign beauty, surrounded by her liege and loving subjects, decked in all the splendour of chivalry and gaiety, gave her final decision on the most intricate questions of that obscure and difficult subject, love, having previously heard the opposing arguments of two most profound and poetical advocates on the disputed point! How many broken hearts might be saved in the present day, had we still these courts of love, where speedy justice was to be obtained,—instead of the delays in our never-ending courts of

equity. What an amusing spectacle it must have been, to have heard two rival bands contend for victory, in these Tensons, and seen the victor crowned with laurel by the hands of the fair judge!—Still, is the memory preserved of the unfortunate Geoffry Ruel, who dying for love of the Countess of Tripoli, made a voyage to Africa to behold her, and having obtained her pitying smile, expired happy and contented;—of the famous Berenger;—of our own romantic Richard Cœur de Lion, and his faithful Blondel;—of the celebrated Countess of Champagne, who decided, in a solemn sitting, that the previous lover had rights superior to the husband, on the assumption that the vows of love, as the elder brother, should always take precedence of those of marriage; a deliberate decision, which a queen of France, when referred to, would not reverse; and last, though not least, of the good King René, who preferred the society of the Muses to the possession of a kingdom.

A Genoese Noble.

From Savona, a favourite sea bathing resort, we were conveyed to Genoa, by the public diligence, in very promiscuous society: a Genoese nobleman, a nurse, and a gardener. The manners of the first were certainly refined; his dress, which was somewhat motley, detracted from his appearance, so that unless vouched for on good authority, it would have been difficult to recognise the man of rank; but on further acquaintance, the manners of the polished gentleman broke through his slovenly disguise; and nothing could have been more obliging than the manner in which he detailed to us the local history of the various country seats that lay on our route. His mind appeared endowed with all that active energy, acquired probably in those busy mercantile pursuits, which the Genoese nobles do not disdain to follow, unlike their listless and vain brethren of the south. The only thing that detracted, in our estimation, from his claims to good taste, was, the too great partiality he felt for the little painted villas that on each side ostentatiously displayed themselves. From these general strictures must be excepted the villa and gardens of Doris, with the fine prospects of the village and bridge of Sestri, the Sunday resort of the Genoese.

Parallel of Florence and Athens.

The striking resemblance that existed between Florence and Athens has often been observed:—the same ardent thirst for liberty; the same watchful jealousy for its maintenance; the same violent factions, by which both states were distracted; the same commercial wealth; the same love of arts; the same refinement of taste; the same witty and satirical turn of mind. If the one can boast her Pericles, the adorer of her city, the other

can proudly produce her Lorenzo de Medici;—if the ancient city hung with raptures over the tragic page of her *Æschylus*, her *Sophocles*, her *Euripides*; the sublime *Dante*, the love-inspired *Petrarch*, the enchanting *Boccaccio*, were equally in the hearts and on the lips of the modern one;—did wit degenerate into licentiousness in *Aristophanes*, it was carried to equal excess in *Arctino*, *Pulci*, and *Berni*;—was the one tyrannized over by *Pisistratus*, the tyrant Duke of Athens attempted to forge chains for the other:—had Athens her historians,—her *Thucydides*, her *Xenophon*; Florence also had her *Guicciardini*, her *Machiavelli*, and her *Villani*;—did *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, and *Polygnotus* embellish one city with their immortal works of art, the other was equally ornamented by *Bandinelli*, *Brunelleschi*, and *Michael Angelo*;—was *Socrates* put to death for surpassing mankind in knowledge, in like manner was *Galileo* imprisoned for asserting the true theory of the earth;—is Athens accused, in the unamiable part of the picture, with ingratitude to her *Aristides*, her *Themistocles*, her *Cimon*; Florence was no less unjust to her *Dante*, her patriot *Pazzi*, her *Strozzi*; to complete the resemblance, was a tyrant, the general of *Alexander*, established over Athens, Florence also received a master in *Alexander de Medici*.

Galileo.

The latter days of this great philosopher's life were devoted to an intense study of mechanics, particularly the laws of motion and percussion; he was the first to demonstrate that the spaces passed through by heavy bodies in falling, are as the squares of the times; but his discoveries in the heavens by means of his telescope, of the satellites of *Jupiter*, of the surface of the moon, of the phases of *Venus*, of the cause of the milky way, of many new stars hitherto unseen by the naked eye,—and his development of the true theory of the earth, are the chief titles of *Galileo* to the immortality he enjoys among men. In disposition he was amiable; he loved the country, where his moments of relaxation were spent either in the cultivation of his garden, or in familiar converse with his friends. *Galileo* has left a name only equalled by that of *Newton*, who, as if to console the world for the loss, was born on the day the great Tuscan philosopher expired.

The English at Leghorn.

The inhabitants of the British isles, seem more the masters of the soil than the Italians themselves; a free scope is given to their tastes; and even their domestic peculiarities have ample latitude for indulgence: London porter, ale, roast beef, tea, are commodities of life accessible to the lowest as well as to the highest of our countrymen here. In every street may be seen the comfortable abode of

some English merchant; and the hearty, though by no means pious exclamation of a British tar, salutes the ear of the turn of every corner. It is a curious coincidence, that, in the English burial-ground, *Smollett*, who excelled in depicting the checkered life of the hardy sailors of our nation, should lay his bones, and have a monument erected to his memory in so appropriate a place.

The Italian Siesta.

The habit of taking the siesta, observed through Italy, and other countries of the south of Europe, conveys the idea of extreme indolence to the stranger: yet the practice, which has been handed down from remote antiquity, appears to be rendered in some sort necessary, by the extreme heat of the noon-tide hours, and it is even in accordance with the acknowledged laws of digestion. In the large capitals, the entire suspension of all business for a season, after the principal meal, cannot escape remark; but in such a second or third-rate town as *Modena*, the sudden disappearance of the inhabitants at the hour of noon, throws such a melancholy and deserted aspect over the place, that a traveller is inevitably seized with a sense of loneliness and isolation. The narrow streets, the long and heavy piazzas or arcades that run along them, and the intense heat of the meridian sun, reflected with double ardour from the white walls of the dwelling houses, render *Modena* at mid-day a veritable desert, as it then is one of the most sombre and disagreeable of cities to the stranger, who at this season is not happy in the embrace of *Morpheus*. In perambulating the whole town a little after mid-day, I saw no human being, except one or two lazy mendicants, crawling for shelter into the shade of some protecting porch. I entered a coffee-house, a single servant was the only person on the premises who was not asleep. I found it best, therefore, to betake myself to my lodgings, and even to go to sleep, like the rest of the world of *Modena*. He who would shake off this infectious, indolent humour, will find it a harder task than he imagines; no frightened worm retreats more quickly into his shell, than he who exposes himself to the sun's meridian rays in Italy will find it necessary to return to the shelter of the house. But no one, save those who have experienced the fervour of this sunny clime can understand the luxury that follows with the evening of each sultry day,—the reviving freshness of the night, the enjoyment of the cooling sorbetto, or lemonade, the body stretched at ease, and the whole senses absorbed in the most exquisite sense of present existence; “the first sparkle of desert spring” cannot quicken the pilgrim of the waste in a higher measure, than a cup of iced water in the evening does him who passes the ordeal of an Italian summer's day.

Nothing can be more striking than the sudden change that comes over the face of things when the night is at an end; this is about four o'clock, and then, as if the whole hive had taken flight, bees and drones and all the awakened citizens may be seen issuing from their houses, unbarring their windows, and renewing the business of the day; then too the little coffee-houses begin to swarm, the daily haunts of a large proportion of the inhabitants of Italian towns, where, with wherbet, small talk, coffee, and domestic politics, they manage to keep the machine of being, clogged though it be in every tooth of every wheel by their rulers, from standing altogether still.

MR. BURTON'S JOURNAL.

(Continued from page 398.)

[*Thus* more we read of this eccentric work, the less are we disposed to rate it merely as a common-place, commonplace. It has many redeeming points and passages of graceful, and even poetic, beauty; and though the exuberance of the writer's fancy appears exhaustless, there are many pages in these volumes which must delight the reader with the earnestness and sincerity with which they appear to be written. Witness such a scene as the following:—]

Sunday, on the Passage.

Did not rise till late—dressed, and came on deck. The morning was brilliant; the sea, bold, bright, dashing its snowy crests against our ship's sides, and flinging up a cloud of glittering spray round the prow. I breakfasted—and then amused myself with studying the lessons, collects, and psalms, for the whole ship's company. After lunch, they spread our tent; a chair was placed for my father, and, the little bell being rung, we collected in our rude church. It affected me much, this praying on the lonely sea, in the words that, at the same hour, were being uttered by millions of kindred tongues in our dear home. There was something, too, impressive and touching in this momentary union of strangers, met but for a passing day, to part, perhaps never to behold each other's faces again, in the holiest of all unions, that of Christian worship. Here I felt how close, how strong, that wondrous tie of common faith that thus gathered our company, unknown and unconnected by any one worldly interest or bond, to utter the same words of praise and supplication, to think, perhaps, the same thoughts of humble and trustful dependence on God's great goodness in this our pilgrimage to foreign lands, to yearn, perhaps, with the same affection and earnest imploring of blessings towards our native soil, and its beloved ones left behind.—Oh, how I felt all this as we spoke aloud that touching invocation, which is always one of my most earnest

prayers, "Almighty God, who hast promised when two or three are gathered together in thy name," &c. &c. The bright, cloudless sky, and glorious sea, seemed to respond, in their silent magnificence, to our *Te Deum*.—I felt more of the excitement of prayer than I have known for many a day, and 't was good—oh! very, very good!

'Tis good to behold this new universe, this mighty sea which he hath made, this glorious, cloudless sky, where hang, like dew-drops, his scattered worlds of light—to see all this, and say,—

"These are thy glorious works, parent of all!"

[We quote the next passages, principally for the sensible remarks at the close, Hoboken appearing better to realise our anticipations of the benefits of a public walk, than the perfection of turtle-eating.]

Hoboken, New York.

My father set off with Colonel *Set* Hoboken, a place across the water, famous once for dwelling, but now the favourite resort of a turtle-eating club, who go thither every Tuesday to cook and swallow turtle. The day was as bad as a party of pleasure could expect, (and when were their expectations of bad weather disappointed?) needless, my father, at the Colonel's instigation, *per severed*, and went forth, leaving me his card of invitation, which made me scream for half an hour; the wording as follows:—*Sir*, the Hoboken Turtle Club will meet at the grove, for *spoon exercise*, on Tuesday, the 11th inst., by order of the President.

Sat working till my father came home, which he did at about half-past six. His account of his dinner was anything but delightful; to be sure, he had no taste for many ruralities, and his feeling description of the damp ground, damp trees, damp clothes, and damp atmosphere, gave me the *rheumatism*, letting alone that they had nothing to eat but turtle, and that out of *iron spoons*.—"Ah, you will go a pleasuring."

It is two years since I visited Hoboken for the first time; it is now more beautiful than ever. The good taste of the proprietor has made it one of the most picturesque and delightful places imaginable; it wants but a good carriage-road along the water's edge (for which the ground lies very favourably) to make it as perfect a public promenade as any European city can boast, with the advantage of such a river, for its principal object; as none of them possess.

I think the European traveller, in order to form a just estimate both of the evils and advantages deriving from the institutions of this country, should spend one day in the streets of New York, and the next in the walks of Hoboken. If, in the one the toils of the care the labour of mind and body, the outward

and visible signs of the debasing pursuit of wealth; are marked in melancholy characters upon every man he meets, and bear witness to the great curse of the country; in the other, the crowds of happy, cheerful, enjoying beings of that order, which, in the old world, are condemned to ceaseless and ill-requited labour, will testify to the blessings which counterbalance that curse. I never was so forcibly struck with the prosperity and happiness of the lower orders of society in this country as yesterday, returning from Hoboken. The walks along the river and through the woods, the steamers crossing from the city, were absolutely thronged with a cheerful, well-dressed population abroad, merely for the purpose of pleasure and exercise. Journeymen, labourers, handicraftsmen, tradespeople, with their families, bearing all, in their dress and looks, evident signs of well-being and contentment, were all flocking from their confined avocations into the pure air, the bright sunshine, and beautiful shade of this lovely place. I do not know any spectacle which could give a foreigner, especially an Englishman, a better illustration of that peculiar excellence of the American government—the freedom and happiness of the lower classes. Neither is it to be said that this was a holiday, or an occasion of peculiar festivity—it was a common week-day—such as our miserable manufacturing population spends from sun-rise to sun-down as confined, incessant, unhealthy toil—to earn, at its conclusion, the inadequate reward of health and happiness so wasted.

[The following samples of manners are related, with candour, as]

American Experiences.

We retired to our room, where Mrs. — made me laugh extremely with sundry passages of her American experiences. I was particularly amused with her account of their stopping, after a long day's journey, at an inn somewhere, when the hostess, who remained in the room the whole time, addressed her as follows:—"Dye play?" pointing to an open pianoforte. Mrs. — replied that she did so sometimes; whereupon, the free and easy landlady ordered candles, and added, "Come, sit down and give us a tune, then;" to which courteous and becoming invitation Mrs. — replied by taking up her candle, and walking out of the room. The pendant to this is Mr. —'s story. He sent a die of his crest to a manufacturer to have it put upon his gig harness. The man sent home the harness, when it was finished, but without the die; after sending for which sundry times, Mr. — called to inquire after it himself, when the reply was, "Lord! why I didn't know you wanted it!" "I tell you, I wish to have it back." "Oh, pooh! you can't want it much; now—do you?" "I tell you, sir, I desire to have the die back immediately."

"Ah, well, come now, what if you take for it?"—"Dye think I mean to sell my crest? why, you might as well ask me to sell my name."—"Why, you see, a good many folks have seen it, and want to have it on their harness, as it's a pretty looking concern enough."

So much for their ideas of a crest. This, though, by the by, happened some years ago. The next scene has "unrehearsed stage effects" as laughable as those on the Baltimore stage, quoted last week.

New York Theatre.—King John.

After breakfast, went to rehearse King John: what a lovely mess they will make of it, to be sure. The house was very full; but what a cast! what a play! what botchers! what butchers! In his very first scene, the most christian king stuck fast; and there he stood, shifting his truncheon from hand to hand, rolling his eyes, gnawing his breast, and struggling for words like a man in the night-mare. I thought of Hamlet—"Leave thy damnable seen"—and was obliged to turn away. In the scene before Angiers, when the French and English herds run upon the citizens to the walls, the Frenchman applied his instrument to his mouth; uplifted his chest, distended his cheeks, and appeared to blow furiously; not a sound! he dropped his arm, and looked off the stage in discomfiture and indignation, when the perverse trumpet set up a blast fit to waken the dead,—the audience roared: it reminded me of the harp in the old ballad, that "began to play alone." Chatillon, on his return from England, begged to assure us, that with King John was come the mother-queen, an *Any* stirring him to blood and war. When Cardinal Pandolph came on, the people set up a shout, as usual: he was dreadfully terrified, poor thing; and all the time he spoke, kept giving little nervous twitches to his sacred petticoat, in a fashion that was enough to make one die of laughter. He was as obstinate, too, in his bewilderment, as a stuttering man in his incoherency; for once, when he stuck fast, having twitched his skirts, and thumped his breast in vain for some time, I thought it best, having to speak next, to go on; when, lo and behold! in the middle of my speech, the "scarlet sin" revisits his memory, and shouts forth the end of his own, to the utter confusion of my august self and the audience. I thought they never would have got through my last scene: king gazed at cardinal, and cardinal gazed at king; king nodded and winked at the prompter, spread out his hands, and remained with his mouth open: cardinal nodded and winked at the prompter, crossed his hands on his breast, and remained with his mouth open; neither of them uttering a syllable! What a scene! O, what a glorious scene!

[Here is confirmation strong of Mrs. Trollope's report of travelling comforts.]

American Hotel.

We were recommended to this American hotel as the best and most comfortable in New York; and truly the charges were as high as one could have paid at the Clarendon, in the land of comfort and taxation. The wine was exorbitantly dear; champagne and claret about eleven shillings sterling a bottle; sherry, port, and madeira, from nine to thirteen. The rooms were a mixture of French finery, and Irish disorder and dirt; the living was by no means good; the whole house being conducted on a close, scraping system, of inferior accommodations and extravagant charges. On a sudden influx of visitors, sitting-rooms were converted into bed-rooms, containing four and five beds. The number of servants was totally inadequate to the work; and the articles of common use, such as knives and spoons, were so scantily provided, that when the public table was very full one day, the knives and forks for our dinner were obliged to be washed from theirs; and the luxury of a carving knife was not to be procured at all on that occasion: it is true, that they had sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty guests at the ordinary. The servants, who, as I said before, were just a quarter as many as the house required, had no bed-rooms allotted to them, but slept about any where, in the public rooms, or on sofas in drawing-rooms, let to private families. In short, nothing can exceed the want of order, propriety, and comfort, in this establishment, except the enormity of the tribute it levies upon pilgrims and wayfarers through the land. It is but justice to state, that this house has passed into other hands, and is much improved in every respect. Strangers, particularly Englishmen, will find a great convenience in the five o'clock ordinary, now established there, which is, I am told, excellently conducted and appointed.

The Public Journals.

LEONORE.

(From a clever Paper on "the Life and Songs of Bürger," in *Tait's Magazine*.)

We have selected the "Leonore," as it is the work on which Bürger's European reputation is founded: although disposed to assign the palm to others, we shall not presume to question the justice of so universal a decision. Apology for the manifold imperfections of translation, it were of no use to offer, we have done our best to give some outline to an original which abler hands than ours have failed to present, with all its beauty and strength, in a foreign dress. The scene of the incident, (and this, it will be observed, is characteristic of Bürger's genius, which

preferred the immediate to the remote, even in his treatment of the supernatural,) is laid in his own times, at the close of the terrible war between Frederick the Great and the Empress Maria Theresa. We are in Saxony, in the first days of the peace which succeeded the terrible battle of Prague; and all who had friends or lovers in the Prussian army are anxiously awaiting their return.

From nightmare dreams, at day-break red,

Rose Leonore, and sighed—

"O William! art thou false, or dead?

How long wilt thou abide?"

For he had gone with Frederick's might,

Beneath the walls of Prague to fight;

And never a word had sent to tell,

If he were wounded there or well.

The Monarch and the Empress, spent

With conflict fierce and vain,

They let their haughty mood relent,

And peace returned again:

And every heart, with song and shout,

And drum and trumpet ringing out,

With greenwood branches gaily crowned,

All on their homeward march are bound.

And there and here, from far and near,

By road and mountain track,

Came old and young, to swell the cheer,

And meet the comers back.

"Thank God! fall many a matron cried:

"Glad welcome!" many a plighted bride:

But Leonore, wo the while,

She met no greeting, or kiss, or smile.

On every hand, at every name,

In every troop she sought;

But, first or last, of all that came,

Was none that tidings brought.

When all had passed, and hope was o'er,

Her raven hair she wildly tore;

With frantic gestures all forlorn,

She cast her down on the earth to mourn.

Straight to her side the mother hied:

"God help the sore distressed!

What ails thee, child of love!" she cried,

And strained her to her breast.

"O mother! mother! gone is gone—

Sunk earth, sink all—for hope is none!

There is no pity in God on high,

Wo, wo for my after misery!"

"Look down, O God! and help our need!

Oh, breathe, my child a prayer!

What God ordains is well decreed—

He pities our despair!"

—O mother, mother! vain belief:

God hath not justly dealt this grief:

My ceaseless prayers, what speed had they?

And now,—'tis now too late to pray!"

"Help, Jesu, help! who seek the Lord

Know that he aids his own.

The Holy Sacrament adored,

Shall still thy grievous moan."

—O mother! to this burning grief,

No rite of Church can bring relief;

No sacramental wine and bread

Can give back life to the silent dead!"

"Now, say, if faithless to his vows,

In distant Hungary,

Thy love forgets his creed and spouse,

In some new marriage tie?

Renounce, my child, a heart so vain;

Short be his triumph, scant his gain!

In the hour when body and spirit part,

This treachery shall consume his heart."

"O mother, mother!—gone is gone;

Lost, lost—forlorn, forlorn:

Death, death is all my love hath won—

Oh, had I e'er been born!"

Die out—for ever die my light!
 Be quenched in horror, sink in night!
 There is no pity in God on high—
 Wo, wo for my utter misery!

“Help, Jesu, help! God, judge not thou
 Thy poor, distracted child!
 The sin she speaks, she knows not now—
 Hear not her ravings wild!
 Forget, my child, this earthly grief,
 And think on Heaven with firm belief;
 So shall a Bridegroom yet appear,
 To calm thy spirit, and bring thee cheer.”

“O mother, where doth heavenly bliss,
 And where do torments dwell?
 ‘Tis heaven, ‘tis heaven, where William is—
 Where he is not, ‘tis hell!
 Die out, for ever die, my light!
 Be quenched in horror, sink in night!
 Blest were to me no earthly lot,
 Blest were to heaven, where he is not!”

Thus wild her desperate passion flowed
 Through every sense and vein;
 And, daring still the wrath of God,
 His justice did arraign.
 She tore her hair, and smote her breast,
 Till the red sunset dyed the west;
 And glittering through the heavenly arch,
 The golden stars began their march.

And hark!—trap, trap—a charger’s heel
 Jarred on the courtyard stone;
 Straight by the porch, with ringing heel,
 A horseman vaulted down.

And hark! and hark! the portal’s ring
 Stirr’d lightly, loosely—tong-ling-ling;
 Then, through the wicket, clearly heard,
 Came, short and shrill, each whispered word.

“Hist! hist, my girl! unbar the door—
 Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
 Still am I loved, or loved no more?
 And dost thou smile or weep?”

—“Ah! William, thou? So late, mine own?
 Long have I wept, and watched alone,
 In bitter sorrow and deadly fear—
 Whence comest thou riding to seek me here?”

“We mount but at the dead of night—
 From Prague afar I come;
 Late have I risen to claim thy plight,
 And now will bear thee home.”

—“Ah, fast come in to rest till morn—
 Loud howls the blast through the pale hawthorn
 Come in, beloved, and let me fold
 My arms around thee, to chase the cold!”

“Let the wind in the hawthorn howl and whirl—
 Let the wind howl on, my dear;
 The wild horse stamps—shrill rings the spur—
 I may not tarry here!
 Come, don thy kirtle, girl, with speed,
 And spring behind me on the steed;
 We’ve yet a hundred miles to tread
 Ere we may reach the marriage bed.”

“Ah, ride we yet a hundred mile
 To reach our bridal bed?
 The bell that chimed eleven, erewhile—
 Hark! still it ‘booms o’erhead.”

—“Look up, look on, the moon shines bright;
 We and the dead ride fast by night.
 I’ll pledge me yet, ere the midnight hour,
 To bring thee, love to the bridal bower!”

—“Say, where is the chamber drest so late?
 Say, where is the marriage bed?”

—“Far, far from hence—still, cool, and strait,
 With boards at foot and head.”

—“Hast room for me?”—“For me and thee—
 Come, haste, and bask thee, and ride with me;
 There’s waiting many a wedding guest,
 The chamber is open, the couch is drest.”

His true-love basked her, and all in haste,
 To horse she lightly sprung;
 And softly round the horseman’s waist
 Her lily arms she hung.

And hurry, hurry, with clattering tread,
 In rushing gallop, away they sped,
 While horse and rider snorted and blew,
 And the stones they smok’d, and the fire-sparks
 flew.

To right and left, ere dazzled eyes
 Could snatch a hasty look,
 How field, and wood, and moor shot by,
 And thundering bridges shook!
 “Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright
 —Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
 Dost fear them, true-love? dost creep with dread?”
 —“Ah, no! yet wherefore speak of the dead?”

What sounds are those of chant and knell?
 Why shriek the ravens hoarse?
 Hark! passing bell—hark! requiem’s swell—
 “Lay we in earth the corpse!”
 And, lo! a funeral train drew near,
 With coffin, and trailing pall, and bier.
 The wall for the dead was dull and harsh,
 Like the bullfrog’s croak in a sleepy marsh.

“Till midnight’s past the dead may bide
 For knell and wall and song;
 Now bear I home my fair young bride—
 Come, join the marriage throng!
 Come, sacrist, lead the choral train,
 And groan us out a bridal strain;
 Come, priest, by thee be the blessing said
 Ere we lie down in the marriage bed.”

Down sank the bier—ceased chant and psalm,
 The mourners at his call,
 Came hurrying hard at the charger’s heel,
 Came hurrying one and all.
 And on, still on, with clattering tread,
 In rushing gallop, forth they sped,
 While horse and rider snorted and blew,
 And the stones they smoked, and the fire-sparks
 flew.

How, left and right, before their sight,
 Sweet hill, and tree, and down!
 How vanished right, and left, and right,
 Hall, hamlet, tower, and town!
 “Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright
 —Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
 Dost fear them, true-love? dost creep with dread?”
 —“Ah, let them rest! why speak of the dead?”

Lo, there! lo, there! on the gibbet’s beam,
 A ghostly company,
 Half seen beneath the moon’s gleam,
 Dance on the gallow’s tree!
 “So, so, my mates, come hither apace,
 Come down, my mates, and follow the race;
 The marriage-dance ye’ll fastly tread,
 When I and the bride are put to bed.”

Hiss, hiss, the spectre crew behind
 Came on with whistling rush,
 As when ‘midst withered leaves, the wind
 Whirrs through the hazel-bush;
 And on, still on, with clattering tread,
 In furious gallop forth they sped,
 While horse and rider snorted and blew,
 And the stones they smoked, and the fire-sparks
 flew.

Around the moon-lit plains they fled—
 Flew past them fast and far;
 How swam the flying clouds o’erhead!
 How glanced each passing star!
 “Dost shiver, true-love? The moon shines bright,
 —Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night!
 Dost fear them, true-love? dost creep with dread?”
 —“We’re me! Disturb not the awful dead!”

“Ho! ho! methinks the cock ‘gan crow—
 The sand is near its end;
 Methinks I smuff the dawn—ho! ho!
 Quick, quick, my girl, descend!
 Our course is over, our race is done,
 The marriage doors are open thrown:
 The dead ride on through the night space—
 ‘Tis done—we’ve reached our resting place.”

Night as a portal shrouded
 They drew with hanging rein—
 The horseman waved his rod, and straight
 Sprang forth and bolted in the night
 With onward echoing grooves they bound;
 A throng, the tomb-stones grey and white,
 Lay glimmering in the cold moonlight.
 Look there! look there!—at once befall
 A sudden change and grim—
 The horseman's garb-like tunic fell
 To shreds from trunk and limb;
 And, lo! his head—no flesh, nor hair
 Clings to that skull so ghastly bare!
 A yellow skeleton he stands,
 With scythe and glass in his tony hands.
 The steed neighed wild, high reared the steed,
 And the sparks spouted forth;
 Ah, ha! it comes—on lightning sped
 All vanished in the earth!
 With howlings shook the welkin pale,
 The rift below with shriek and wail;
 While Lenore, with choking breath,
 Stook on the verge of life and death.

And round and round in the moony glances,
 In whirling circles they round and round;
 A troop of ghosts, in linked dance,
 And bowed with hollow cries:
 Endure, endure! though grief hath driven
 The heart's writing out of God in heaven!
 Thy forfeit body, sentenced, leave—
 May God in mercy thy soul receive!

MRS. HEMANS, poet of spirits.

We lament to record the death of this excellent and accomplished poetess. The following biographical particulars are from the *Athenaeum*.

Felicia Dorothea Brown was born in Liverpool, in Duke-street. Her father was a native of Ireland, her mother a German lady—a Miss Wagner—but descended from, or connected with, some Venetian family: a circumstance which she would playfully mention, as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest childhood. Our abstaining from any attempt minutely to trace her history, requires no apology—it is enough to say, that when she was very young, her family removed from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, in North Wales—that she married at a very early age—that her married life, after the birth of five sons, was clouded by the estrangement of her husband—that, on the death of her mother, with whom she had resided, she broke up her establishment in Wales, and removed to Wavertree, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool—from whence, after a residence of about three years, she again removed to Dublin—her last resting-place.

In private life, Mrs. Hemans had attached to herself many sincere and steadfast friends. She was remarkable for shrinking from the vulgar honours of *fashion*, with all the quiet delicacy of a gentlewoman; and at a time when she was courted by offers of friendship and service, and homages sent to her from every corner of Great Britain and America,

to an extent which it is necessary to have seen to believe, she was never so happy as when she could draw her own small circle round her, and secure in the honest sympathy of its members, give full scope to the powers of conversation which were rarely exerted in general society, and their easiness, therefore, hardly suspected. It will surprise many to be told that she might, at any moment, have gained herself a brilliant reputation as a wit, for her use of illustration and language was as happy and quaint, as her fancy was quick and excursive; but she was, wisely for her own peace of mind, anxious rather to conceal, than to display her talent. It was this sensitiveness of mind which prevented her ever visiting London after her name had become celebrated: and, in fact, she was not seldom reproached by her zealous friends for undervaluing, and refusing to enjoy the honours which were the deserved reward of her high talents, and for shutting herself up, as it were, in a corner, when she ought to have taken her place in the world of society as a leading star. The few who knew her will long remember her eager, child-like affection, and the sincere kindness with which, while she threw herself fully and frankly on their good offices, she adopted their interests as her own for the time being.

It may be told, that when young she was remarkable for personal attractions; that her talents for music and drawing (merely another form of the spirit which was the living principle of her life) were of no common order. Her health had for many years been precarious and delicate: the illness of which she died was long and complicated, but, from the first, its close was foreseen; and we know from those in close connexion with her, that her spirit was placid and resigned, and that she looked forward to the approach of the last struggle without a fear. It is consolatory to add, that her dying moments were cheered by the kind offices of zealous and faithful friends: for herself, her departure from this world could only be a happy exchange. There is no fear of her being forgotten: we shall long think of her—

Kindly and gently, but as of one old and weary
 For whom the well-to-be and good
 As of a bird from a chain unpound,
 As of a wanderer whose home is found;

AN OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY, EAST AND
 ANTHONY CAY, a merry, simple-minded man,
 —while seated in his leather-bottomed chair,
 conning his daily ten hours' task, never
 dreamed of out-of-door occupations. He knew
 the walls of the old house were in good condition,
 for they had been surveyed; but for
 any types or texts to be found in them, he no
 more thought of such superstition than the fly

in a painted paper cage thinks of the daubing of its prison. Anthony Cat professed himself a Christian, and proved himself a man of business. For ourselves we care not so much for professions as for deeds; therefore, waving what Anthony said, we may state what he seemed—for in mind he may have been an infidel, but in practice he was (in pounds, shillings, and pence) a true believer. Anthony owed his first advance in life to his humanity. In the first American war, though he only held a situation partaking of the errand-boy and the junior clerk, he was at once a philanthropist and an admirer of his master's daughter. Being on principle averse to the war, he conceived that, by lessening the resources of his country, he might best accelerate the advent of peace—to which end, whenever despatched for stamped sheets, he six times out of ten supplied the office from his own garner, putting the purchase-money in his own pocket. How, it will be asked, was the cheat effected? By the unassisted genius of the simple Anthony, who, to while away the dreariness of his leisure, would cut the stamps from old extinct bonds, and with the most praiseworthy dexterity, with a nice ingenuity worthy a Chinese, would let them into plain parchment. "This was the way to thrive," and Anthony had the double satisfaction of assisting the cause of national peace and individual profit. This is a truth, a truth without one thread of fiction. In time Anthony became the second clerk—still his heart grew bigger, still his purse dilated. However, a proposal for his fair young mistress was met by the indignation of her father, and Anthony was about to be discarded, when an accidental discovery of a false stamp procured him another interesting interview with his master. The old gentleman was full of virtuous indignation, and talked of hanging. Anthony fell upon his knees, and, to the horror of the elderly lawyer, confessed a long catalogue of forgeries; nay more, avowed himself ready to publish to the world the name of every client whose property had been placed in jeopardy by a spurious stamp. Of course the master gave quills, ink, and paper to the penitent for the purposes of justice? Not so: the lawyer was a discreet man—were the iniquity of his clerk made known, his business, his connexion was gone! Anthony rightly interpreted the silence of his master, and again and again proposed to make "a clean breast." The good man got up a visible shudder at what he termed the commencement of a prosecution—he could not see an old, though worthless servant, hanged! Will it be believed by the modest reader? The instant Anthony was assured that his master would not consign him to the gallows, he again prayed that he might take his daughter to the church. The master paused at the request; but at length, wisely thinking

that the best way to stop the mouth of his clerk would be to give him a wife, he consented to the match. This auspicious beginning was followed by "thick coming" successes, and, in the course of a few years, behold Anthony Cat partner of "an Old House in the City." He looked worthy of his prosperity—his face was ever in a glow of satisfaction, his voice rang like glass, and he would rub his hands with an air that told you they were as pure as his own pence. And yet no man had a sterner eye to the "inevitable decencies" of life. Though he was outwardly smiling, meek, and gracious, he had in his way of business a heart more than Roman. Little knew they of the interior of Anthony Cat who judged him by his short laugh, his venerable jest, or his one ballad at the club—nay, they who paused at his Horion Villa, garnished with potted myrtles and geraniums, and saw the owner pacing his lawn with a pink 'twixt his fingers breaking his nose, did him wrong if they confounded him with the same Cat setting a suit in his "Old House in the City," or following it out at Westminster.

Augustus Condor, the second partner, seemed expressly sent into the world to do two things, to keep accounts and eat a dinner. He accomplished the double purpose of his being with surpassing ability. No man had greater powers of calculation and digestion. His moral lining was, we are convinced, composed of a ready reckoner and a cookery book. Place him before the colars of Lebanon, and his first thought would be to calculate the height and girth of every cedar tree, and next its market price. Fix him on the shores of the Ganges, and his first inquiry would be if turtle swarmed there? and Condor knew himself, and so knowing, left the difficulties of consultation to his more mercurial partner. Cat looked to the pockets of the house, and Condor to the belly.

What of Messrs. Cat and Condor? what of the partners of the Old House? On an eventful feast, in the fourth plate of turtle, Condor went off in an apoplexy. His fortune, inherited by a profligate nephew, passed in two years into the hands of blacklegs. For Cat, he became a bigoted believer in supernatural signs and tokens. He sank to mere imbecility, and may now be seen in a certain asylum, pacing the courtyard, vacantly smiling, rubbing his hands, and crying every minute, "To-morrow, sir, to-morrow."

Blackwood's Magazine.

*bedstead had washed, and will slaving all
advised: THE SABBATH IN SCOTLAND.
(From the Orbits of the Midge in Blackwood's
Magazine.)*

It was a beautiful summer's day. I had scarcely ever seen the outline of the mountain so hard and clear, and sharply defined, as it hove up and out, high into the cold purp

blue of the cloudless sky. The misty cap that usually conceals the bald peak yonder, had blown off before the fresh breeze that rustled cheerily among the twittering leaves; disclosing the grey scalp, the haunt of the glod and the eagle, with the glittering streaks of unmelting but not unsmiling snow filling the wrinkle-like storm rifts; whose ice-fed streamlets loomed in the distance still and fixed like frozen gout of pure sea foam, but lower down sparkled in the sun, flowing with a perceptible motion as if the hoary giant had been shedding glad tears of dropping diamonds.

Still nearer, the silver chainlets of their many rills were welded into one small waterfall, that leapt from its rocky ledge, white as the wreaths that fed it; bending and wavering in the breeze, and gradually thinning as it fell into the Grey Mare's Tail, until it blew off in smoke, and vanished altogether, scarcely moistening the black and moss-grown stones of the shallow basin beneath. Below this, and skirting the dry region of shingle, the paired moorlowl, for the cheepers hadna taken wing yet, were whirling among the purple heather, that glowed under the bright sunlight, as if the mountain had been girdled in with a ruby zone; while farther down, the sheep bleating to their lambs, powdered the whole green hillside, like pearls sprinkled on a velvet mantle.

The kine were lowing in the valley, as they stood kneedeep in the cool burn, whisking away the flies, under the vocal shadow of the overhanging saughs. The grey heron was floating above the spongy *flows*, from spring to spring, from one dark green tuft of rushes to another, so ghostlike, that you could not tell it from its shadow; the birds were singing among the trees; the very crackling of the furze pods in the sun had an exhilarating and joyous sound; and the drowsy and moaning hum of the myriads of bees, that floated into the wee auld kirk through the open window, from the plane-trees that overshadowed it; dangerous as the sound wad be nae to a prosey preacher on a sultry Sabbath, it was but a soothing melody to me, for Moses was in the poopit, and I kenned there wad be nae sleeping there that day. There was happiness in the very cawing of the rooks in the auld trees of the kirkyard, as they peered down at us with eyes askance, as much as to say, "ay, fies, there's nae gun among ye the day."

The farmers came along cracking blithely as they looked over the sea of waving grain, now in ear, and fast bronzing under the genial sun, that covered the whole strath; the trout were glancing and louping at the grey flies, and the ducks of the villagers were flapping and squattering in the burn, where the lasses were washing their feet, glancing like silver among the sparkling wimples of

the clear yet moss-browned water, and putting on their shoes and stockings, preparatory to their entering the sanctuary, therein differing from the heathen, who cast off their slippers at the threshold. Auld Widow Miller herself, sober sedate body, was *beckling* with Tam Clink the blacksmith as she came along by the holly hedge; even the hard-worked carrier's horses, with their galled backs and shoulders, and the very bones sticking through their flanks, were frisking awkwardly with their iron joints (like so many of their wooden scaffold-supporting namesakes bewitched), in clumsy imitation of the beautiful filly there, and neighing on the other side of the hedge from you, speaking as plain as Balaam's ass, that the Sabbath was for them also; ay, when the very Spirit of God himself seemed visibly abroad on the smiling face of the glad earth, is it to be wondered at that a man of genius—na, Moses, ye needna bluah—that an extempore preacher like him, should, with so much natural eloquence, have exclaimed, "Shall all the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, and fishes, yea, shall all creatures, animate and inanimate, praise the Lord for his goodness, with one universal burst of joy; and shall man alone, while he worships with fear and trembling, not mingle with the groan of his just humiliation a shout of heartwarm and heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty Dispenser of all this happiness around him?"

Domestic Hints.

PICKLING MEAT.

PROFESSOR RAPIERUSQUE denounces the use of saltpetre in brine intended for the preservation of animal flesh to be kept for food. That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid or aquafortis—a deadly poison. Animal flesh, previous to the addition of pickle, consists of gelatinous and fibrous substances, the former only possessing a nutritious virtue. This gelatin is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre; and, as the Professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning. He ascribes to the pernicious effects of this chemical change, all the diseases which are common to mariners and others who subsist principally on salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, &c., and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in the making of pickle for beef, pork, &c.; the best substitute for which, he says, is sugar; a small quantity rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable. This statement ought to be made known to, and remembered by, farmers, butchers, packers of sea provisions, and to all those people who,

owing to their residing at a distance from towns and villages, or owing to other causes, are in the habit of killing and curing their own winter meat.—*New York Farmer.*

The Gatherer.

Revenge Appeased.—A young man, who had great cause of complaint against another, went to an old hermit to tell him his wrongs, and declared he would be revenged. The good old man said all he could to appease him, but seeing that his exhortations were useless, and that the young man still persisted in his desire of revenge, said to him, "At least, my friend, let us pray to God before you execute your resolution;" he then began thus:—"Hast thou not declared, O God, that thou art our protector,—is it not sinful then in us to take upon ourselves that which belongs to thee?" The young man was so struck at this, that he fell on his knees before the hermit, asked pardon of his Maker, protested against ever again feeling revengeful, and vowed to leave his wrongs for Heaven to redress. S. T. B.

The Rev. Andrew Marvell, lecturer of Trinity Church, Kingston-upon-Hull, who was very old, had been visited by a young lady, who, regardless of a very stormy evening, persisted in returning home across the Humber, on account of the alarm her family would experience by her absence. After vainly endeavoring to dissuade her from subjecting herself to perils, which he understood better than she did, he gallantly resolved to bear her company. He accordingly walked with her down to the shore, and after handing her into the boat, got in himself, and threw his stick to a friend, with a request that he would preserve it for a keepsake. He then desired the boatman to push off from the shore. Before they had accomplished their short passage, the waves broke over them, the boat became unmanageable, and they were all unhappily drowned.—W. G. C.

Guido and Dominichino.—These two celebrated artists when young, having each painted a picture, were desirous of consulting Annibal Carracci, their master, as to the merits of their respective pieces. Being pressed, Carracci replied that "Guido had performed as a master, and Dominichino as a scholar; but that the work of the scholar was more valuable than that of the master." At this early time, it was easy to discern genius that promised to produce beauties to which the sweet, the gentle, and the graceful Guido would never attain.

A Hint.—At Oporto, during the late war of Liberation, was an individual, who held a staff situation of trust in the ——— Regiment, and afforded great amusement to the

young members of the corps, whenever his faculties became a little clouded by repeated potations. He would, no matter what the topic under discussion might be, always contrive to introduce the subject—colonies and colonisation. His history was very generally known. "I ought to know something about New South Wales; I was seven years there," was a phrase constantly in his mouth, when, over a difference of opinion (urged for the purpose) was started by any of those present; a young wag would occasionally annoy him, by replying, "Perhaps, — the next visit you make to the colony will be for fourteen." The man was actually a returned convict!—*United Service Journal.*

The Crown-laying Hen.—At a village of Savoy, a few leagues from Geneva, dwells a husbandman, the father of twelve children; and who on that account, and by virtue of the Sardinian laws, receives from the state an annual pension of 10*l*. This individual, notwithstanding the expense incurred by a numerous family, is able by industry and economy to supply his wants, and is even in easy circumstances. His neighbours, envious of prosperity which they did not enjoy, fancied that it proceeded from a secret cause, namely, from an agreement made with the devil, and that by virtue of this treaty, a certain black hen, which figured in their neighbour's yard, laid a crown-piece every day. This affair was soon spread abroad, and became a favourite topic with the gossips of the place and those of the neighbouring hamlets, causing considerable uneasiness to him who was the object of it. He applied to the syndic of the place: the magistrate, a shrewd man, knew of no better way than that of putting up the marvellous hen by public auction. Bills were posted, the day fixed, the crowd repaired to the syndic's house. The customary announcement took place, and the biped was given up by an authentic act, and in due form to a M^r. T—, on condition of providing ten days travelling expenses to the seller. The sale being over, the new purchaser took possession of the hen, and bore it triumphantly home. But, to the great disappointment of the purchaser, the hen laid nothing but eggs. The possessor would not believe to the contrary, but thought that the agreement between the devil and the first owner was useless to his successor; that consequently the hen left her new residence every night to lay her crown in the old one. They talk of making the purchase void, and a summons has already been issued to the first possessor for that purpose.—T. S. A.

Sound.—Among the glaciers above the village of Maglan are echoes which repeat the same sound a great number of times; and, when once such a sound is produced, it is propagated and repeated from rock to

rock, producing a prolonged *refetissement*, like that of a trumpet when it is blown loud and long.

Jews.—The other day, (says Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*;) I was what you would call *flowered* by a Jew. He passed me several times crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *Ogh Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had. —I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew—a symbol of old clothes bags—an Isaiah of Holywell-street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, "Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance; dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?" My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, "he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."

An Irish baronet, whose connoisseurship did not equal his riches; had purchased a handsome alabaster vase at Rome, with an interesting sepulchral inscription of the finest letter and most perfect preservation. The Abbate Fes, inspector of all the antiquities of the city, heard of the discovery, and laid an embargo on the vase for the sake of the inscription. The Baronet, who valued the alabaster, and counted the inscription as nothing, proposed to arrange the matter by erasing the inscription. After much parley in vain, the inspector was at last obliged to relent; and inscription and vase were both carried off to the great surprise of the antiquarians. W. G. C.

The English Chapel and Cemetery, at Oporto, lie on the outskirts of the town. The edifice is built upon an elevation, overlooking to a great extent the country that borders on either side of the winding Douro, a truly enchanting prospect. This little church is a square building of most unostentatious pretensions, placed nearly in the centre of the grounds, which are planted with the greatest taste, and appear a perfect *Père la Chaise* in miniature. The trees are so admirably arranged as to conceal the extent of the garden

on any side, and resemble a small forest with here and there an open glade of verdant turf. Every description of beautiful flowering shrub indigenous in Portugal flourishes in this sylvan spot; the luxuriant aloe, the richly-scented orange and myrtle trees with their brilliant foliage of ever-green, embellish the scene; and the clustering tendrils of many plants, winding about the lindens, and the drooping willow, wave over the sculptured memorials of affection, the tombs of the silent dead.—*United Service Journal*.

—A Kentuckian who had seen Miss Fanny Kemble play *Juliet*, accosted a friend with—"Well, what do you think of that 'ere gal?"—"Oh!" unhesitatingly replied—"I don't know."—"Well," retorted the questioner, "Any how, I guess, she's o' some account!"

An Americanism.—"As poor as Job's kittens."

Decline of the Drama.—One reason why the stage and every thing belonging to it has fallen to so low an ebb now, is because actors have ceased to care for their profession themselves,—they are no longer artists,—acting is no longer an art.—*Mrs. Butler*. [Yet, Miss Kelly, in retiring from the stage a few evenings since, with justice referred to acting as her art.—*Ed. M.*]

Animal Food.—The Pagan priests were the first eaters of animal food; it corrupted their taste; and so excited them to gluttony, that when they had eaten the same thing repeatedly, their luxurious appetites called for variety. He who had devoured the sheep, longed to masticate the shepherd!—*Ritson*.

The noble Gift.—Alexander the Great gave much to a poor man from whom he had received but little. One of his courtiers told him that it was giving far too much to so poor a man, and that a smaller gift would have sufficed. "I know that you think so," said the prince; "but in giving I remember that I am Alexander."

Republicanism.—On one occasion, when young — was acting *Richard the Third*, some of the underlings kept their hats on while he was on the stage, whereat — remonstrated, requesting them in a whisper to uncover, as they were in the presence of a king, to which admonition he received the following characteristic reply:—"Fiddlestick! I guess we care nothing about kings in this country."—*Mrs. Butler's Journal*.

All American women are pretty creatures: I never saw any prettier.—*Mrs. Butler*.

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